

Daily Eagle

M. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

WAR SEEMS INEVITABLE.

The news from Washington for several days has been most conflicting, and people have shown signs of impatience. But the elements which are, on the one hand, charging weakness upon the part of the administration, and, upon the other, that the money power is wielding an undue influence, are not constituted of that class of men who will, in the event of war, buckle on the armor and forge to the front where the conflict will be thickest. This "effigy" business at the present juncture, is weakness, if not something worse. A president, the responsible executive official of seventy millions of people, cannot afford to become a jingo. The awful consequences of a mistake, the all around responsibility of the position, would hold in check the most recklessly optimistic. Freedom is coming to the people of Cuba. If it comes without armed intervention upon the part of the United States, well and good. But everything points to the probability that it will not so come. The necessary steps for war could not be more rapidly taken, whatever the provocation. No nation ever more swiftly prepared for the seemingly inevitable than has the administration of President McKinley. His ultimatum was submitted at the earliest possible moment. The people of America must not only be convinced of the necessity, but the world must understand that there was no other honorable course for this government. The great body of the self-contained and level-headed of the American people are, and have been, with President McKinley up to the present hour. War seems now, and has for weeks seemed, inevitable. And there will be war or a back-down, and the back-down will not be upon the part of this country or its president. Nobody understands this so well as President McKinley himself.

COBURN FOR KANSAS CITY.

The Leavenworth Times scores Coburn, the secretary of the state board of agriculture, and most justly, for furnishing his monthly reports to the Kansas City, Missouri, papers before the same reports are given to the Kansas dailies outside of Topeka, or which amounts to the same thing, Coburn issues and mails his reports at such hours as precludes their reaching any Kansas morning paper outside of Topeka until a day after their appearance in the Missouri papers. The result is a grave injustice to the Kansas papers named, a wrong to thousands of Kansans who contribute to the support of Mr. Coburn's office, that is: it is a wrong if the reports are to be considered important or valuable. Alfred Gray, who set the pace for that department, and who rendered it such a distinctive value to the state, adhered to the rule followed by national and state officials, who through the medium of the Associated Press, serve all papers alike, and at the same hour, whether by wire or mail. Coburn discriminates in the interest of the Missouri papers, and against the press of his own state. As a Kansas official he seems like too many other men, interests, officials and institutions of Topeka and of eastern Kansas—to be dominated by that Missouri town which as a municipality has grown powerful, and where corporations and combines have grown rich, by robbing Kansas. Nothing of eastern Kansas escapes entirely the controlling influence of Kansas City, Missouri, not even Kansas railways. The Santa Fe is now being employed to run a fast mail in the interest of these Kansas City dailies, which papers are accorded a further advantage over Kansas papers by Mr. Coburn, one of the evident aims being that the people of southwest Kansas shall thereby be inveigled into supporting Kansas City papers, and thus be induced, like eastern Kansas people, to patronize the Missouri town to the hurt of their own, thus through the discouragement of local capital and enterprise force this section to also become tributary to the merchants, dealers and interests of Kansas City. The Eagle has more readers in this section than all the morning papers of Kansas City combined. These Kansas readers are placed at a disadvantage so far as Mr. Coburn's reports go. The same mails which convey those reports to the Leavenworth Times, to the Wichita Eagle and to the St. Joseph papers, also carry the Kansas City papers containing the said report printed in full. It is a clear waste of postage by Mr. Coburn to thus mail his reports to the Kansas papers, and the editor of the Eagle, in a personal letter to that official some months since not only clearly pointed out these facts, but emphasized others. Coburn's reply was to the effect that these reports, made at the instance, in the interest of, and at the expense of the people of Kansas, were sent to all the papers simultaneously. That is not the point. They should be delivered to all the papers simultaneously, or so sent as to be released all at the same hour by wire, as is the rule of the Associated Press.

Colonel Anthony in a letter to Coburn, yesterday, says: "You seem to systematically and purposely time the completion of your report that the hour of completion shall be between the hours of 4 o'clock and 8 o'clock p. m. You can readily see that your report mailed to me is worthless, and as I have frequently written you before, the Leavenworth Times, Wichita Eagle and other morning papers within one or two hundred miles of Topeka could have this report, providing it was mailed on the 4 p. m. mail train, and they could publish the same simultaneously with the Kansas City Times and Journal. This could be done by you if you were desirous of being fair and honest toward the newspaper press in Kansas, but as you still con-

time to so time the completion of your report as to accommodate only those papers it is evident to me that you prefer to accommodate the Missouri press than the Kansas press. The Leavenworth Times, Wichita Eagle and other Kansas papers, including the St. Joseph papers, have repeatedly advised you of the injustice of arbitrarily determining the completion of each report made by you between the hours of 4 and 8 p. m. So far as I am concerned, Mr. Secretary, I have come to the conclusion that this work is deliberate upon your part and you have made up your mind to so time the completion of your report and the mailing of the same as to prevent us from receiving it in time for publication. You ought to know, and you do know, that a report published by us after it has been in the papers named would be valueless and an absolute injury to the paper that published the same news."

Colonel Anthony, as does the editor of the Eagle, keenly feels this injustice, but the Eagle, like the Times, is helpless. Coburn is a candidate for governor of Kansas. Whatever may be his ambition, we hope that his successor may not be chosen from the Kansas City stock yards, and that he will appreciate the fact that the building up of Kansas City, Missouri, is not the way to develop the commercial importance nor to enhance the wealth of his own state.

It is unfortunate for the state of Kansas, unfortunate for the past ambitions of its people, and for its possible material, commercial and financial future importance, that the capital of the state is located so far off in one corner and so near the border line of Missouri. Were the political and railway influences and interests of the state centered at some interior point it would be worth many millions of money to her people. With every newly acquired enhancement of that Missouri metropolis the state of Kansas is by just so much robbed and dwarfed, not only of the active commercial life and sustaining business, but of tangible tax valuation and of possible control or domination of its own interests and affairs. Kansas City is not Kansas, but Missouri. Too many Kansans, Mr. Coburn evidently of the number, seem inclined to aid it in its ambition for becoming

FROG LEGS AND WINE.

Wine drinking in France is as common as coffee drinking in America. The phylloxera in the French vineyards has cost France more than three times the amount of the war indemnity paid to Prussia. The disease has now made its appearance in the Levant and threatens even to invade Algeria. The American vines, the Noah, Othello, Hermit and others upon which French vines are grafted, have been cultivated recently in France with marked success. It is claimed that influence of climate and soil is so great that the product of the transplanted vine compares favorably to the native after a naturalization of ten years. The costliest vines, however, come from vines a century or two old France produced 727,914,245 gallons of wine last year, of which all but 10,500,000 are common wine drunk by the poorer classes. The consumption of wine among the working classes in France is about a quart a day for each grown person.

There will be war with Spain.

Tom Reed, as usual, brought the House down to its knees.

If Spain backs down keep your eye on Weyler. He is a Napoleon.

France, a republic, should be ashamed of herself for taking the side of a monarchy.

The chances are that Minister Woodford is doing a lot of arctic sweating himself.

President McKinley has been hanged in effigy in Virginia. This was not patriotism. It was politics.

Spain is still sending warships into western waters. The war, it comes, will be over in one round.

Most of the fellows who are not going to war hold to the belief that cowardice is really a species of superior intelligence.

Thomas B. Reed is a very, very big man indeed. You would realize this if you were a member of the House of Representatives.

If Gomez was any kind of a general at all he would now slip up on Havana and crack it one while the officials were busy reading the war news.

Spain has rescinded the Weyler reconcentration order. It will also rescind the Columbus order taking Cuba in the name of Spain, or there will be a fight.

In case of war, Spain will have the sympathy of all Europe. This is certain. Spain will declare she is fighting two armies—that of Uncle Sam and that of the insurgents.

There will never be an alliance between this country and England. If there ever is, we can depend upon the South American republics forming future alliances with Spain.

In three or four weeks there will not be more than six men in the whole nation who will be willing to upbraid the United States for its characteristic slowness in going into war.

It cannot be denied that right at this moment a good lecturer could get up before an American audience and bring tears to its eyes describing in a graphic manner the pitiable condition of the little boy, king and his helpless mother, both cowering before a great big bully.

The chances are that Russia, Austria and France have all notified McKinley that war with Spain is against their interests and will be regarded unfavorably by them. There is no question that McKinley has been feeding on more peppy information than Congress has received.

The blacksmith's copper. Among coin collectors one of the most-sought-after colonial coins is the highly copper. They are of several varieties, and were struck in 1776 by Samuel Highly, a tinsmith. He obtained the copper from a mine near by, and shaped the coins at his forge.

At the Court of Palesu,

(Story of the Malay Peninsula. In ten parts.)

PART III.

"It's ill sitting at Rome and striving 'w' the pope."

CUDDIE HEADBROG.

A week or two before the mouth of the river was finally closed for the year by the threat of a snow storm, Jack Norris lay stretched upon his mat with a cigarette between his lips and a novel in his hand. He was a short, very dark youngster of about three or four and twenty years of age. He was thick set, and very powerfully built, with sturdy legs, and arms on which the biceps stood up in knots. His features were rather broad and flat, and the dogged strength of a dominant race in every hard line which responsibility and an eastern climate had drawn upon his ugly face. He was dressed after the manner of Europeans in the Malay Peninsula during the hours of daylight. He wore a light blue shirt with sleeves reaching to the elbows, in short linen drawers, and a broad native skirt or sarong, which might be huddled up about his waist, or suffered to drop to the ankles, or he might wear a pair of trousers which were annoying in their attention, at their owner's will.

It was evening, and the room in which Norris lay was dimly lighted by a striking oil lamp which stood on the mantel shelf at his elbow. One or two Malays squatted at one end of the room, near the curtained door, chewing quids of areca-nut and talking together in low murmurs. Through the doorway, open wide, the moon light strove to penetrate, in spite of the quasi lampshade, and the hum of a thousand busy insects, varied by the occasional clear note of a night-lark, was borne upon the breeze. The surroundings in which he found himself had grown so familiar to Jack Norris, that Thackeray's brilliant description of the fete at Government House, at his dear old home, seemed to him to have lived triumphantly in the book that Norris was reading for the hundredth time. One-half of his brain unconsciously assimilated the trivial talk of the Malays near the doorway, while the other half took in the familiar words of his book.

Presently some one came to the door and said a few words in a low voice to one of the Malays who was seated near

"There is a Chinaman who would come into this presence, Tuan," said the latter, turning to Norris.

"Did he enter?" said Jack, sitting up and laying his book down beside him.

The curtains in the doorway were put aside and an old Chinaman entered. He saluted Norris, and then seated himself cross-legged on the floor near the foot of the bed. He was a long-headed, sunken-cheeked, deeply wrinkled old creature, with a slender pigtail composed almost entirely of silk hanging from the sparse grey hairs on his scalp. His shoulders were bowed by a permanent stoop, and he brought with him that peculiar smell of roasted coffee and chocolate which, combined with a strange closeness of the atmosphere that surrounds him, always denotes the confirmed opium-smoker.

"What is the news?" asked Jack, speaking in Malay, and employing the usual native interrogative rejoinder.

"The news is good," replied the visitor, speaking in the same language and making use of the formal reply, which is as empty of meaning as the "Quite well, thank you," of the confirmed invalid.

These greetings over, the Chinaman shook himself, glanced over his shoulder at the Malays near the door, and said unhesitatingly:

"There is a thing that I would say unto thee, Tuan."

"Speak on," said Norris; "these men are mine own people. Have no fear."

"I come to thee, craving aid, Tuan," resumed the Chinaman. I am exceedingly troubled. I have a wife."

"I pity thee!" interposed Norris sympathetically.

"She is a good woman, very fair to see, and moreover she is virtuous," continued the Chinaman.

"That is strange! It is difficult to find such a one," said Jack, who knew something of Oriental morals. "Speak on."

"Yes," assented the Chinaman—"yes, it is strange that she is in what she is, more so, seeing that her beauty is indeed great, and that the king desires her. It is in this wise. She was married to me some four years ago, and I have had by her two children, boys, and she and I are happy living together in love. Does it seem strange to thee, Tuan, that one who is young and beautiful should love me, who am neither the one nor the other?"

Yet she who is in what she is, and who will have naught of the king or his presents. The Tuan knows the ways of the king. He dwells often in the house of his concubine, Che' Layang, the which means mine. I should not, a certain day, the king, peeping through the walled walks which divide my house from that of his concubine, espied my wife playing with the men-children, my sons, and from that time he has sought means to seduce her from me. He sent first an aged crone of his household to make known to her his passion; but she, on hearing the words of an old woman, raised no great tumult, and she merely remarked that the hag felt in fear of me. Then, later, the king sent diamonds and fine raiment, such as women love, by the hands of certain of his armed youths, choosing for the purpose the hour when I was absent from my house. But she, my wife, received the youths with evil words, and threw the king's gifts forth into the mire of the street, so that the silks were soiled and the value of the diamonds was dimmed.

"Therefore, my wife boarded up the crevice in the wall through which the king was wont to watch her; but in the night the boarding was torn away, and she was seized by force, as he seized the wife of Ahmad of Pulau Aur, and the wife of Che' On, the Kech ruler. Tuan, men speak of thee as the just and the fair, and the white antelope—and but for medicine many a man had suffered death and worse in Palesu since thy coming. And I, also, but for thee, had lost either life or honor."

It is thy promise, and the fear of those who sent thee hither, which causes the king to employ stealth and stratagem where, in past days, he was wont to use force. Now come I hither to thee crying and weeping, secretly, and I beseech thee, that thou wilt aid and help the woman and my wife, and the men-children, my two little sons. Both I and my wife are British subjects. Long have we dwelt in Palesu, but our birth-place is in the colony. We therefore, as British subjects, and we trust in thee with a thousand, thousand hopes."

Demands \$1200 for One Kiss.

At a price for a single kiss seems rather high. This amount, however, is demanded by Mrs. Olegard Jacobson of John Nelsund, and the case is now being heard before the circuit court in Eau Claire, Wis. The plaintiff is a wife of a shoemaker, alleges that the defendant, who is proprietor of a meat market, induced her one day to step into the ice box on pretense of showing her something, and then kissed her.

The Lay of the Missouri Hen.

Hens in Missouri must be unusually intelligent birds; they seem to know that Easter is nigh, and to have determined that eggs should be unusually plentiful. Last Tuesday 5,000,000 eggs were received, an unheard-of number. As a result the price dropped to the wholesale price, and 20 cents for three dozen, retail. Some one suggests that the Missouri hens are preparing food for troops in case of war.

Heavy Household Expenses.

In one private mansion on Fifth avenue, New York, the servants' pay-roll is \$12,960 a year.

Two Artillery Shots,

"Was he, indeed? Pardon me, but he was not."

It was a delightful little Nashville lady who quite startled her listeners, made up largely of northern visitors spending a brief season in the south, who fixed all eyes upon her by the remark.

Her emphatic exclamation and equally emphatic denial opened the way for the completion of a thrillingly interesting story, one in which both men in blue and gray figure.

Early in October, 1863, A. Z. Converse, Company D, Fortieth Ohio, visited Samuel Vandervort, a former Ohio neighbor and also a soldier. The latter was quite noted for his sketching of battle scenes and camp scenes. The young man, upon the occasion of this visit, which was on a pleasant afternoon, was on Moccasin Point, opposite Chattanooga, under the shadow of Lookout Mountain. For a time Converse watched him as he sketched in the valley overlooked by Moccasin Point Heights.

A portion of the force defending that locality at that time was the Eighteenth Ohio, of which the latter, who quite a spell the gunners had made unsuccessful efforts to drive a couple of Confederate signal corps men from a prominent position on Lookout Mountain. They were signaling news of general information gathered from the union army in and about Chattanooga to General Braxton Bragg, then in command of the southern forces in that department, whose headquarters were on Missionary Ridge, some miles away.

The federal officers, realizing the mischief that those two young fellows were doing with their flitting signal flags, were ready to resort to almost any means to drive them away. General Whittaker was watching the artillery sending shell and shot at them, but not to them. He nearly lost his patience at the failure to accomplish the much desired object. Approaching the captain of the battery, he rather petulantly said to him that he ought to be able to find some one who could drive those young fellows from that point of rocks. The captain expressed the belief that he could not reach them with his guns.

"Then we will get some better guns," said Whittaker.

This remark of the half-angry general was heard by Jacob Houston, the bugler, who had previously served as a gunner in another battery, and he at once volunteered to try his luck with the saucy flag-waving confederates.

"It is no use," said the captain.

"Try your skill and luck," snapped out the general.

Houston's first shot fell a little short. The second one hit the bull's-eye—struck the rock on which the signal men were standing, and the flag went tumbling down, and so did the men.

General Whittaker was delighted, and pronounced it a blank good shot.

The bugler was told to lay aside his musical instrument, and then and there was placed on duty to see that no more signals were sent from that part of Lookout Mountain. He obeyed orders so that they never again signaled from that rock.

One of the party asked Converse, who was telling the story if he heard whether Houston's shot killed or only wounded the signal men.

"The one who was handling the flag at the time was killed undoubtedly, for he dropped instantly when his flag fell."

It was this answer of the Ohio soldier that brought the remark which heads this chapter—"Was he, indeed? But he was not."

"How do you know?" some one of the party asked the Nashville lady.

"I have the best reason in the world for knowing, for that signal sergeant has been my husband for a good many years."

That was the signal for smiles and hand-clapping.

Mr. Eastman had told, in his wife's presence, on several occasions the story of his experience as a signal sergeant on Lookout Mountain. He said that when that shot struck the rock he dropped in a fissure for protection from the pieces of flying shell. But for his drop he would have been torn to pieces. Mr. Eastman would have been torn to pieces. Mr. Eastman also explained that only a short time before Houston's dead shot was fired Jefferson Davis, president of the confederacy, and commander-in-chief of its army, accompanied by a dozen civil and military officers, had stood on the rock with himself and his signal associate and carefully surveyed the valley taking notes on the federal army. It was while there that Mr. Davis said, "We can bag them when we get ready." Eastman had twice warned Mr. Davis and his party of the great danger of standing there, and pointed out to them the battery that had been shelling them.

If Houston had taken charge of that Eighteenth gun a dozen minutes earlier he would have brought down some pretty big game.

Along the Kansas Nile,

It is being quietly circulated over the state that Coburn is chairman of the state prohibition league's executive committee. The oldest building in Iowa has just been torn down. It was built in 1853. It started in as a second-hand store and ended as a restaurant.

There were 400 members of the O. M. B. at Lawrence and they paid \$1 each a week to the support of the order while it was running.

Broderick has captured the delegation from Jefferson county, in the First district. He is running a large freight train over both Bailey and Curtis.

In Kansas the most unpopular man of McKinley's administration among the "populists" and the least popular among the Republicans is Lyman Gage.

Upon the whole, Kansas has not shared the east's excitement in regard to Cuba. The nearer a man is to the enemy's guns the more rapid he talks about war.

Farm land in Sumner county has advanced so in price that Frederick Sheehan of the defunct bank at Wellington will be able to declare another dividend.

Father Eskridge says that McKinley is like every man who does not have to fear for himself and thus hesitates against plunging the whole nation into war.

John Seaton has a saddle which he has carried twenty years. Kansas wants a man for governor who will be the target of all green-goods men when he goes east.

Most of the Kansas Populists have never relinquished their belief that McKinley is a good fellow, and in order to do so they have been obliged to do so.

Mrs. Robinson's attempt to blacken the name of Plumb is a very silly thing. Plumb was enough of a hero to get the snail-shell running a stranger on the prairie through the malady.

Since the state has known Fred Funt, some ten years, he has never been known to do a lick of work. Yet he has always managed to live. It is not necessary to work in this world.

Lecture. Upon the whole, Kansas are keeping mighty quiet in regard to linking the Spaniards. Kansas has just enough southern blood in her to know that once upon a time the people of South Carolina really placed a white southerner could lick four Yankees.

In many other southern Kansas towns during the past week the rumor has gained currency on the streets so frequently that war had been declared that intense excitement was caused. At least yesterday by the report that war had not been declared.

Outlines of Oklahoma,

"Potatoes and succatash are on the bill of fare of a Shawnee hotel."

There is a neighborhood in Woods county known as Sucker Flats.

There are 114 negro school children at Kingfisher and they have four teachers.

Jake Admire says that the peach buds around Kingfisher are too dead to skin.

There will be a hot time at Taloga this summer. There was no natural ice crop.

James T. Fryer, a farmer near Alva, gave \$6 across towards the site of the new Normal school.

Mr. H. Allison, a book-keeper at Hennessey, was crossing the street there last week, fell dead.

The tramps have been making a rendezvous of Hennessey and the women are afraid to stay at home alone.

"We have a farm for sale," says a Hennessey real estate firm. "Box house, 14x16, of ash kitchen and a splendid cypress cave."

The colored people of Kingfisher have arrayed themselves against the proposition to vote bonds to build a new school house.

At Hennessey and in the vicinity, according to an authoritative statement in the Clipper, the fruit has suffered serious damage.

Woods county has the greatest population of all counties in the territory and has the least number of men in the penitentiary.

Most of the claims being sold at present in Oklahoma are passing out of the hands of the masses. The average girl gets mighty tired of a claim.

Elijah O. Lyon, of Hennessey, who died last week, was 72 years old. He had been married three times and was the father of 23 children, 16 of which are living.

During the celebration accompanying the selection of a site for the Normal at Alva the school bell was broken. It will take \$15 to replace it, and the old bell will be kept as a relic.

There is a movement on among the editors of Oklahoma to refuse admission to territorial conventions hereafter. Nothing but the permanent chairmanship will be accepted.

An El Reno society man was standing by a piano singing "Let me Like a Soldier Fall," when the old man of the house mounted on a rapidly disappearing carriage, arose and hit him in the neck with a twelve-hen boot.

In a continued story being written by the ladies of the Current Events club at Kingfisher the second chapter opens as follows: "Through a hole in the canvas he could see a star like the faint light of a tiny candle, as it gleamed and flickered, grew dimmer and yet more dim."

This beats anything ever recorded. The fire bell at Oklahoma City was not rung for a fire the other day, because Judge Keaton had given orders that the bell should not be rung while court was in session. The building burned down. Fine Mr. Keaton's nerves! They must be protected!

Perry Enterprise: A large, stalwart negro woman, looking a perfect Amazon in type and scattering vengeance on all sides came into Judge Allen's court this morning and complained to his honor that her husband, Quash Ferguson, had just about pounded her "to death." "I tell you, judge, I can't bear dia way don't no longer. I want him to go to law. Does you hear me, judge? Yes, the judge heard and ordered a subpoena for "Quash" to be brought into court on the charge of wife-beating. In the interim, while waiting for the wife-pounder's appearance, Mrs. Ferguson related in a touching and pathetic manner her story and poured into the ear of the judge her great burden of sorrow. In due time the prisoner was brought into court and his appearance created a surprise. His colored life partner, in this world's sorrow and pleasures, had painted him a pugilistic giant, but the man who answered to the name of Quash Ferguson, instead of being a double-fisted giant, was a little old dried-up thing, who looked more like a talking mummy than anything else. Beside the stalwart negro woman he looked like a child. But this was the man who had recently pounded his life partner almost "to death." The judge looked at the prisoner and told him to "go his way and sin no more."

Southern Kansas Business Men.

Richardson & Co., dry goods, Wellington, give an "annual Easter glove sale."

Under the axiom that all the world loves a lover, the merchant should take refuge by loving his stock.

Far too frequent in the busy advertising world are there "bargains without precedent." It should not happen more than once a month.

It is very poor policy to make a habit of poking fun at your competitor. You may spur him into greater efforts and real serious rivalry of yourself.

The selling ability to get a man to buy something he does not want, and permit him later to kick himself for buying it, is a very unprofitable ability.

John W. Graybill, shoes at Newton, will soon move into larger quarters. He has been in business in Newton five years, having been previously a traveling salesman.

S. Otto Wester of Newton says: "The old proverb that 'it takes nine tailors to make a man,' may possibly mean that it takes nine trials to find the right tailor. You can save eight trials by coming here first."

Many a brave man fails in effective advertising by trying to sell something people do not want at any price. No inducement can be made in a case like that. A shoe man can not deal with a legless people, and it is nonsense for him to try.

In making a display of a bargain, if the customer is to meet an exception at the store, prevent it, by calling her attention to the exception in the advertisement. As an instance of this the advertisement of Jacob Ennis of Wellington will be cited. He is advertising a big bargain in ribbons. But he ends his advertisement with this: "The price in this enormous sale will not apply to the ribbons in the millinery department."

One of the best advertisements printed in a long time is the following from the Curtis Mercantile Company of Wellington: "Look out for the peddler, and remember what he tells you. He may say that he will give you three or five years to pay for a range. If he does, don't believe him; he won't do it. He may say that the paper you sign is only a receipt to show where the range is. Don't believe him. It is a row, which if you sign, you must pay it. He may tell you that his company only wants 5 per cent interest, and that they will extend the time as long as is wanted. If he does, don't believe him. He may say that he will take your old stove in part payment, and that another man will come for it. If he does, don't believe him. It is never done. He may say that his company is better than any other, which is not true, for the reason that it is connected by pipe and large lock nut, which, when once rusted, can not be removed without cutting it out. It steams and it pounds. The water on the floor is so unbearable in the kitchen, and ruins the water, undrifting it for use. He may say that his range is made of malleable iron and other cast iron. If he does, tell him it is not better than any other, which is not true, for the reason that his range is made of heavier and better. He may say that

GEORGE INNES & CO.

Formerly McManis & Co.

But Ten Days Until Easter

How quick the time will fly, and how about your Easter Dress and Bonnet, your Easter Gloves, neck fixings and other things you expect to have ready for the day of feast and fashion? There's no time to lose—the store is ready—don't delay too long, for the best sells first.

Saturday Specials

Fifty dozen Ladies' Hemstitched, Hand-Embroidered Initial Handkerchiefs at 5c. They are well worth three times five.

One hundred Gilt and Oxidized Silver Belts, set with jewels, worth up to \$1.25. Special Saturday, 50c.

Twenty-five dozen Ladies' Gauntlet Gloves for driving or wheeling. Some all leather; others canvas, ventilated back—a 75c quality. Saturday, 50c.

Three gross

"Shah of Persia"

...Soap

It don't need any recommendation.